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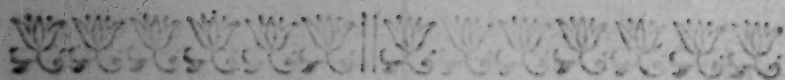
Hue and Cry

A F T E R

Dr. S — T.

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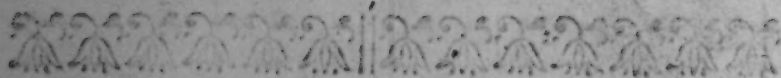


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AT THE

DEPT. 2



A N

Hue and Cry

A F T E R

Dr. S — T; *K*

Occasion'd by a True and Exact
Copy of Part of his own *Diary*,
found in his Pocket - Book,
wherein he has set down a
faithful Account of himself,
and of all that happen'd to him
for the last Week of his Life.

The Third Edition, with Additions.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Roberts, near the Oxford
Arms in Warwick-lane. 1714.



A N

HUE and CRY, &c.

Thursday.

WA K'D with the Head-
ach. Said no Prayers that
Morning. Drest imme-
diately. Look'd confoun-
ded *Rakish*. Repeated *Verses* whilst I
was washing my Hands. Resolv'd
(whilst I was putting on my Gowns)
to ridicule the Orders of *Bishop*, *Priest*,
and *Deacon*. After Dinner at my Lord
B——s. Went to drink Tea in *York*
Buildings. The Earl look'd *queerly*.
Left him in an *Huff*. Bid him send for
me when he was *fit for Company*. Took
Coach

Coach to Lord *Harry's*. The Viscount look'd *whimsically*. Left him. Promis'd to sup with him at the *Earls*. Drove to the *Cocoa-Tree*. Sate till one, musing and thinking of nothing. Plagu'd for half an Hour with three impertinent *Puppies*, an *I-sh* Lord, an *English* Colonel, and a *Scotch* Gamester. Retir'd to a private Corner, where a Whim came into my Head, which I will shortly give the World an Account of. Went to dine at the *George*, with two *Papists*, three *Jacobites*, and a *Tory*. Damn'd the Cook, lik'd the Wine. No Wit. All Politicks. Settled the *Succession*. Fix'd the Place and Time and Manner of his Landing. Went to my Lodging at five. Slept. Writ an *Examiner*. Supp'd at *Tork Buildings*. Earl and Lord *Harry* part in *Dudgeon* and *Division*. Displeas'd with all that happen'd. Go home pensive. Resolve upon some odd and new Schemes of Life. Spent ten Shillings. Take a Dram. Go to Bed.

Friday.

Friday.

Resolve to fast. Send a Note to Church, to pray for the Conversion of a great Sinner. Read the Bible. Find that no Man can serve *two* Masters; and that an House divided against it self cannot stand. Consider of these Words; *When ye hear of these things, flee unto the Mountains*: Begin a Sermon upon this Text, *Be as wise as Serpents*. Throw it a-side, and read T—d's Art of Restoring, and my own Meditation on a Broomstick. Received a silly Letter from Ireland. Walk in my Room for two Hours. Loll on my Couch for two Hours. Take a *Manual* for Devotion in my Hand, but say *extempore* Prayers. Mightily given to Ejaculations. Don't like the Lord's Prayer. Think often of St—le and T. W—n. Eat at six. Dress, loiter. Humm a Tune till eight. Give a Farthing to a poor Man. Pay my Barber. Put on a Pair of new Gloves. Go to St. James's. Don't like things. Confirm'd concerning the Animosities between the Earl and Lord Harry. In
a

a Quandary. Go to the Club of *ugly Faces*. Some Wit. *Much Impiety*. Drink hard. Am treated. Expences one Shilling. *Mem.* This Day Month I had clean Sheets.

Saturday.

Wake at eleven. Promis'd to receive a Gentleman at my Lodgings about my Lord's Business; but won't be at home all Day. Come to these several Resolutions; Resolv'd to write an Ode upon changing one's Mind, in Imitation of *Horace's Justum & tenacem, &c.* Item, An Apology for *Taking the Air*, and a Comment upon *Balzac's Cacher sa vie*. Resolv'd to repent. To give an Historical Account of the following *English Proverbs*, viz. When *Knaves* quarrel honest Men come by their own. Burn the House and run away by the Light of it. No longer pipe no longer dance. Murder will out; and, When the Steed's stoln shut the Stable-Door. However, half a Loaf is better than no Bread; and therefore Men must make the best of a bad Market. Bid my Servant get all things

things ready for a Journey to the Country, according to the following List: Mend my Breeches; hire a riding Coat; borrow Boots; sell my Coals and Candles; reckon with my Washer-Woman; making her allow for old Shirts, Socks, Dabbs and Markees, which she bought of me. *Mem.* I borrow'd five Guineas of my Bookseller, and paid my Landlady all to a Shilling. Resolv'd to carry no Books with me but the *History of the Civil Wars of England*, into the Country. Din'd late with my Landlady. Merry with Mutton and *Double Entendres*. Retire. Consider the uncertain Nature of Human Affairs. Write the following Letter to Mr. Olds—h, one of the Authors of the *Examiner*:

S I R,

DEsigning soon for the Country, I desire that you will excuse me from supplying you with any more Papers under the Name of the *Examiner*. We have made the *most* of our Cause; and no mortal Affair has the Privilege of being perpetually the same. Re-

B

member

member *Horace's Bene præparatum pectus*. If we can contrive it so as to be *rogu'd* by both sides, we shall do more Justice to each than either expected from us, and have this Pretence still left to the Title of *honest Men*. Give my Service to his *Lordship*: Tell him that no Man has Strength enough to be Proof against *Conviction*; that I am ready to meet him *on t'other side of the Water*; and will still ply at the *labouring Oar*, to shew with how much Respect and Esteem I am his *Lordship's*, &c. 'Tis no Time to be *incredulous*. I depend upon your not being *obstinate*, and if you are silent for a while, you will convince me of your being that Man of *great Sense and Observation* which I always took you to be.

I am,

S I R,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

J. S.

P. S. Remember, when an Army's routed, that some are kill'd, some wounded,

ded, some *run away*; but that *Deserters* are always well *treated*. Six Coaches of Quality, and nine Hacks, this Day call'd at my Lodgings.

Mem. To write a Paper when I am in the Country, to bring with me to Town, and to publish at my first Appearance, call'd S——t's *Reasons*, viz. for *Ingratitude*, for *Irreligion*, for *Turning*, for *Returning*, and to serve any *Turn*, to be bound up with the *Tale of a Tub*; went *Incog.* at 8 this Night to *Child's*, found the Clergy alarm'd at the Q——'s Thoughts of displacing the T——r. Supp'd with Mrs. O—— where we had *no Politics*. *Mem.* I promis'd her a Copy of Verses upon a *weak Woman*. Pay my Way to my Landlady in a Bottle of *Viana*. Smoak'd a Pipe by my self. Concluded nothing certainly. Took a *Dram*. Repeated the *Collect* for the third Sunday after *Epiphany*. Pick'd my Teeth. Wash'd my Face. Went to Bed. Expences 5 s.

Sunday.

Pack'd up some *Tea, Paper, Pens, Ink,* and *Tobacco*; and before Church was done sent a Note to give God Thanks for one who had escap'd a very great *Danger*. Din'd, and was sworn at *Highgate*. Travell'd 25 Miles this Day. Thought upon *Nothing* as often as I could on the Road. Resolv'd to write the History of the *Band-box Plot*; and to give a true Account of the Modern Word call'd *BITE*; having concluded my *Journey* to be a *Bite*, Lord *Harry* a *Bite*, the *Earl* a *Bite*, and that Prudence infallibly directed to fall in with them who would bite the *BITERS*. Resolv'd also to write new Explanatory Notes on the *Conduct of the Allies*. By ten I came to my Inn. Had quieted my Mind. Supp'd, Smoak'd, went to Bed. Expen. 10 s.

Monday.

Slept well. Rose early. Had *Pancakes* for Break-fast. Sung Repeated Verses. Laid Schemes. Commended my self. Rode hard till Noon. Alighted at a *Tory Inn*;

Inn ; converted many *Gentry* and *Clergy* of that Principle, at a publick Meeting there, by letting them into the Secret of my Flight, and some other Secrets which I knew. *Mem.* This Day the *Wh—gs* are indebted to me for a Promise of *Wh—sh Members* for this County and Town, at next Elections. Came to my Country Lodgings at 9 ; after an easy indolent Afternoons Journey. Pleas'd with the Privacy of the Place. *Mem.* I forgot to take Leave of Lord *So—rs* and *Sun—d.* Resolv'd to write to *D. S—le.* Sup'd with my Landlord, Landlady, and their Daughter. Found sufficient Provisions of *Wine, Brandy, Sugar, and Lemons.* Hung up my Cloths. Plac'd Pen, Ink, Paper, and History, on the Table. Smoak'd, sung, and went to Bed.

Tuesday.

Dreamt of the *Devil* and *St. Patrick* last Night. Said the *Lord's Prayer.* Sat down to consider of my *Change of Life.* *Tories,* Damn 'em ; they won't be able to support me. *Whigs,* Damn 'em, they won't trust me. Drank Tea. Walk'd

Walk'd in the Garden. Return'd. Writ a Satyr on the Lord T——r. Writ another upon all the present Ministry. Receiv'd a Letter from *Lewis* the Book-seller in *Covent-Garden* of great Importance. By G-d *Steele* has got the better of me. No good News from *Ireland*. *Ad——n* says I am gone to hang my self. *Pope* says I am gone to *France*. *N——y Ro——t* says I am gone to my De——y; and most People will say I am gone to the D——l; and so I'll go to Dinner, Mutton and Turnips. The *Gods* fled once into *Egypt*. I was very gay and diverting. Drank an hearty Glass. Retir'd. Fell into this Soliloquy: The Reverend Dr. S——ft, Student in two Universities; a Member of the Church of *England*, and a *Christian* too; left the College to turn Chaplain, Parson, Poet; having serv'd Ambassadors, Noblemen, Governors; having writ for and against Religion; being Rector, Vicar, Dean, Author, Translator, Abridger, and Publisher; Droll, Jest, and Scribler, and many other things; *Quorum si nomine quæris*: Having serv'd and abus'd the late Ministry; and

and done all that Man could do for *this*; after enriching *Booksellers*, and impoverishing *my self*; am now *transplanted, metamorphosed* into a *Stock*, or a *Tree*, and either hurried away to some *Elysian Grove*; or in short down-right *MAD*. Here I fell a-sleep. Wak'd about six. Writ to put my House in order in *Dublin*. Send my Man to *London*, to know how *Things* go. Eat no *Supper*. Writ a *Whim* to divert the Earl of O——d. Resolve to adjourn all further *Considerations* till to-morrow. Smoak. Take a *Dram*. Go to *Bed*. *Domestick Affairs* not worth inserting.

Wednesday.

Had a very *bad* Night last Night. Rise early. Repeat the Prayer for a *Person troubled in Mind*. Tumble over the History of the *Civil Wars*. Pop upon the Words *Obadiah* and *Titus*. Shut the Book. Take Pen in Hand: Write some *Oddnesses*; lay it down again. Call for a *Glass* of *Sack*. Think of my *Friends*. Recieve an *Express* that

that the Earl of O——d is *displac'd*.
 And is B——k, said I, and all the *rest*,
 continued? Can *Lucifer* fall without
 his *Angels*? Write a Meditation on a
 WHITE ROD. Grow faint. *Smoke*.
 Drink. Hang my self. DIE.

The Meditation on a *White Rod*.

MOTTO taken from the Doc-
 tor's Miscellanies.

The Rod was honest *English Wood*,
 That senseless, in a Corner stood,
 Till Metamorphos'd, by BOB's Grasp,
 It grew an *All-devouring Asp*.

This single *Stick*, which you now
 behold, ingloriously lying in that neg-
 lected Corner, I once saw in a flou-
 rishing State, at the Head of *Noblemen*
 and *Peers*; carried by the *best Hand*,
 directed by the *best Head* in the *Realm*.
 Beauteous for *whitest Colour*; admira-
 ble for *Shape* and *Length*; but now,
vain is the busie Art of *Man*, which
 made

made it so conspicuous and remarkable; 'tis *broken*, 'tis sullied, and either thrown out of *Doors*, or condemn'd to the last use, of kindling a *Fire*. When I beheld this, I *sigh'd*, and said, within my Self, surely *mortal Man* is a **WHITE ROD**. Nature sent him into the World *Innocent* and *Blanch*, *Straight* and *Upright*; but he is become *crooked* and *dark*; and sometimes *offensive*, and sometimes *useless*; and after a *shining*, bustling *Figure*, is often *disgrac'd*, *shatter'd*; ruin'd in this *Life*, condemn'd to everlasting **FIRE** in the *next*. How does *Man* (a tender *Twig*) grow *stubborn*, *incurvate*, *deform'd*, and *Worm-eaten*; how does Age reduce him to *Infancy* again; till from carrying a *Stick* in his own *Hand*, he is carry'd by other *Mens Hands*, and soon thrown away, and laid aside for ever. *Vain Man!* (said I, upon this occasion) that often makest a *Rod* for thine own **B——**, whereas too many others, alas! are daily laying them in *Piss* for thee. Then pursuing the Subject, I expostulated thus with my self. What an

Emblem is young *Master's White Stick*,
 when *Tinsell'd* at *May-Fair*, or adorn'd
 with *Mather's Gorgeous Top*, what an
Emblem of *HIM*, who with a plain
Wand only, *Bridles*, *Saddles*, *Rides*,
Spurs, *Galls*, and *Jades* a whole King-
 dom? O Enigmatical *Rod*, which like
 the *Stick* of a *Lapland Charmer*, after
 an *hasty*, *dirty*, embarrass'd *Journey*,
 most ungraciously *THROWS*, or de-
 stroys its *RIDER*. Then taking the
 neglected *Piece of Wood* in my *Hand*,
 which gave *Birth* to these pious *Me-*
ditations. Oh! thou truly *Mosaical*
Rod, cry'd I, that devourest *all about*
thee; inseparable from the *Contem-*
plation of thee, are the *Thoughts* of
 the *Plagues of Egypt*. O thou *Conju-*
rer's Wand, that has raised *that Devil*
 thou canst never *lay*; O thou *Geogra-*
phical Radius, that hast truly divided
 the *Kingdoms* of the *Earth*. Did *Sid*
Hamed's once discover *Golden Mines*?
 Thou hast dissipated *them*, and be-
 witch'd us to go in search of them to
another World, to distant, unknown
Southern Seas. But, *Ab! Quisque suos*
patimur manes. Thou hast *RISEN* to
 thy

thy full Growth; and thou art
 FALLEN to thy latest DECAY;
 thou mortal SLIP of Timber, thou
 art WITHER'D, shrunk, and
 become a stranger to thy many for-
 mer Vertues. For, how has thy Mer-
 curial Energy and Power left thee,
 whereby, being thrice, *wasted o'er*
our happy Isles, thou *closedst the*
Eyes, and *lulledst the Eye-lids* of three
 powerful Nations ASLEEP. Mighty
 was thy Force O Rod, O *whitest Rod,*
 beyond the Power of *Magic Caduceus;*
 able to force Human Bodies INTO,
 and OUT of local Place, which
 makes me end my *own imperfect Medita-*
tions, in that excellent Description of
Sid Hamed's, my worthy Friend.

This Rod was slender, white, and Tall,
Which oft he us'd to Fish withal.

A PLACE was fastn'd to the Hook,
 And many score of GUDGEONS took;

*Yet still so happy was his Fate,
He caught his FISH, and sav'd his Bait.*

And I cannot but add,

*Since WATERS now are TROUBLED
(grown,*

His FISHING ROD he has laid down.

Which of the kind to fill withal.

A PLACE was fix'd to the Hook,

And many score of GADGONS took;

A

W C

A Copy of Verses fastn'd to the
Gate of St. P——'s C——h
D——r, on the Day of the
I——t of a certain D——n.

I.

TO Day this Temple gets a D——n
Of Parts, and Fame uncom-
(mon ;

Us'd both to Pray, and to Prophanes;
To serve, or God, or Mammon.

II.

When W——n reign'd, a Whig he was;

When Pem——e; that's dispute Sir:

In Ox——'s Time, what O——d please,

Non-con, or Jack, or Neuter.

III. This

III.

This Place he got by Wit and Rhime,
 And many Ways most odd;
 And might a Bishop be in a Time
 Did he believe in God.

IV.

For High-Church-Men, and Policy,
 He Swears he Prays, most hearty;
 But wou'd pray back again, wou'd be
 A Dean of any Party.

V.

Four Lessons, Dean, all in one Day,
 Faith, it is hard, that's certain;
 Twere better hear Nown Peter say,
 God D——n thee Jack and Martyn.

III. This

VI. Hard

VI.

Hard to be plagu'd with *Bible* still,
 And Prayer Book before thee ;
 Hadst thou not *Wit* to think at *Will*
 On some diverting *Story*.

VII.

Look down *St. Patrick*, look we pray,
 On thine own *Church* and Steeple ;
 Convert thy *D—n* on *this great Day*,
 Or else *God help* the People.

VIII.

And now, whene'er his *D—n—sh—p* dies,
 Upon his *Stone* be graven,
 A Man of *God* here buried lies,
 Who never thought of *Heaven*.

F I N I S.

AN Epitaph upon his Grace,
JOHN, Duke of Marlborough.
Who departed this Life, *July* the 19th
1714, and now lies inter'd in the City
of *Antwerp*. Written by a Monk of
the Order of *St. Dominic*. And Tran-
slated into *English* by a Member of
the *Marlborough Club*. London: Prin-
ted, and Sold by *J. Roberts* in *War-*
wick Lane. 1714. Price 3 d.

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